

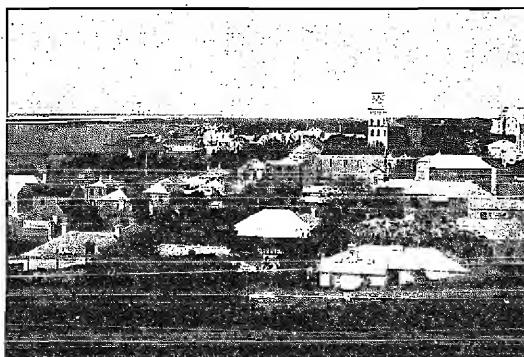
THE
WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

VOL. II. No. 30. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] WILLIAM BOOTH. TORONTO, JAN. 9, 1897 [Commander-in-Chief for North Western America.] EVANGELINE BOOTH. PRICE 5 CENTS.



FIRE ! FIRE ! TO THE RESCUE !



HAMILTON, Bermuda (the extreme East of our Territory).

MAJOR DUGMORE,

The New Easterner, Gets Quizzed by the War Cry.

The Army in Britain—Old Friends—A London Division—J.S. Galore.

(War Cry).—“Good morning, Major. You then welcome to our Territory. May your coming here be the beginning of an era of unparalleled prosperity for you and the work to which you are called. Was there anything of interest to Salvationists occurred on the passage out?”

(Major Dugmore).—“Thank you for your hearty welcome. A most joyful God is going to give me. I am simple and myself some clothing to change out of command. Nothing of unusual interest occurred on the passage out. We came out in full uniform, and the passengers and crew were most kind and respectful, and enquiries were made respecting our work. The short passengers pleaded with us to give up our uniforms, and in response to the Captain's request, I took the uniform of an ordinary sailor in the saloon.”

(War Cry).—“How goes the war in the land of the Army's birth-place? Does it compare favorably with the advances of long days, and what do you think of the future prospects of the Army there?”

(Major Dugmore).—“The Salvation Army in the old Country is on the whole, in a good position. We are now on the bottom rock. A great hunger abounds among our people for the soul of others, and when we have got the Army will be all right. The interests for the Salvation Army there are glorious if we hold on to our first principles.”

(War Cry).—“Did you see any of our old friends over there? How are they?” (Major Dugmore).—“We have, not with pleasure. Commissioner Gaskin, for instance, who has just taken hold of the British command, I have met with often. He is still a man of fire and power of soul, and wherever he goes there is a general spiritual earthquake accompanying him. Then, too, I have met with Major Gillette, Major Spooner, both are still in love with you all, and I don't think it would be a cross for either of them to return.”

(War Cry).—“If I remember rightly, you are a veteran in the War. Now, how many years have you had in it? Give me a brief history of your career. You have the honor to be, I believe, a man who has risen from the ranks.”

(Major Dugmore).—“I have served under the flag between twelve and thirteen years. I have done service in the States, as well as in the old Country. I fought under General Gordon in the Sudan for four years in her last command (London). I have been stationed at the Congress Hall, London. We had a Sabbath of 700, a congregation of from three to four thousand people, and during our eleven months there, we had thirteen hundred at the political-meeting. We have been now six months at the present time, British, Grosvenor Hall, and Northampton L., which rank amongst the largest and most influential Corps in the Old Country. My last command was as Divisional Officer of what is now known as the London South-Western Division, where I met the most wonderful work of my life. We had 22 Corps, over 4000 Soldiers and recruits, 200 bandmen, hundreds of Local Officers, and 47 Field Officers. We had a glorious work amongst the children. Every Sunday afternoon we had 250 Concerts with officers of over 1,500 children. Our annual love-fest meeting was held at Cumberwell and favorite halloo-ground of the Field Com-

missioners. Nearly 1,500 Soldiers and friends were present, and gave us a good send-off, and we have come to our adopted land with their prayers and well wishes.”

(War Cry).—“Please with you over the glorious initial victory at Hastings. You have hardly had time to see what the War is like, but I hope you were favorably impressed with your first meeting?”

(Major Dugmore).—“Yes, God gave us a good Sunday at our first meetings in Hastings. Seven souls saw the light. I am impressed with the great opportunity when my new appointment interests me. I love my Officers and Soldiers, and I am in for about my best for the Army and the Kingdom.”

(War Cry).—“How are Mrs. Dugmore and family?”

(Major Dugmore).—“Mrs. Dugmore and family are fairly well, although the journey was a great tax upon her strength, being no light matter for her to cross the ocean in winter with a baby girl only seven months old. She is well and all safe. The Field Commissioner has assured herself to us, and it is a joy to us to have her as our leader again.”

(War Cry).—“On behalf of the War Cry readers, I, metaphorically, thank the best genuinely, held out to you the hand of warmth and hearty and cordial welcome.”

“Thanks, good-bye!”

“Oh, I say, wherever did you see that out of my face from which appeared in your columns two or three weeks ago? Surely this did not do me credit! Never mind.”

(Beloved Sir, that picture was copied from the “Social Gazette.”) ED.

On the Tapis.

Argument ensuing, of Lippincott, is returning to England on account of ill-health.

About twenty members of Headquarters Staff were out Christmas Eve singing and called at about all the homes of the Staff and Children's shelter and Rescue Home.

Ensign Morris accompanied the Commissioner on her trip with the Armenians to St. John to Toronto.

The Lieutenant Shelter gave a free dinner to 200 poor men on Wednesday, December 30th.

Major Gallopin speckled at Richmond Street on Sunday.

The “Devil” got saved at the Temple on Sunday, that is the War Cry printer's devil did. Praise God!

Santa Claus has a big old time at Lippincott with the Officers' children on Wednesday, December 28th.

Adjutant Hughes, late of the Central Province Band, is appointed to the Barrie Corps and District.

Colonel Jacobs and the Editor conducted the watch-night service at the Temple.

Adjutant Moore, of Barrie, takes charge of Riverdale, Toronto.

Look out for a photograph of the twenty-one Armenians.

Major Cenpina had a fine meeting with the Richmond Street braves on Christmas night.

Major and Mrs. McMillan, Newfoundland, have issued a very pretty Christmas and New Year's card, with “God and souls” for their motto.

Ensign Bookstead, Toronto, Rescue Home, has been appointed to Whitchurch Home.

Captain Howercroft, of Yorkville, has gone to Chicago on furlough.

Kalispell, Mont., Corps.

An Interesting Write-Up, by Mrs. Cast Gillette—Some Wonderful Conversations—Many Drunks Seek Salvation.

The Kalispell Corps was opened November 28th, 1885, by Captain McIndoe and Lieutenant Miller. The day was cold and unpleasant, but notwithstanding the difficulties in getting seats, etc., the congregation was large. All the officers and brother and Sister Pierce, the meeting was held with boards on boxes, for seats, with a crowded house and much of the Holy Spirit's power.

The people came from far and near, some coming fifteen miles to see the wonderful meeting of the Salvation Army. The interest was so great all that winter that they had no trouble in paying \$8 hall and quarters' rent, and \$5 electric light rent every night, and best of all, souls were saved. The first eleven who were converted came into the Army—a charming record.

Among these very faithful workers were Brother Lloyd, an old man over sixty, who was formerly a Methodist, and carried “Old Glory” in the march, and carried the flag for the Army almost every night, and Brother and Sister Pierce, formerly leaders of an outpost in Los Angeles, Cal. They put their shoulders to the wheel right royal, and to their earnest, persistent effort the opening and success of the Corps is largely due.

Major and Mrs. Cast Gillette, Captain and Sister Pierce, Junior sergeant, the young member of the Corps must not be forgotten, because she fits a very big place, not only in the Corps work, but in the hearts of the people. Little Esther Pierce, only four years old. She sings well, and is a darling. God will reward them!

Captain Quint and Lieutenant Scott are now in charge of the Corps, and good work is being done. Captain Scott and Brother Hopkins now has his wife with him on the platform, and theirs is a happy home in Christ Jesus.—Mrs. Capt. Gillette.

and sent for his wife and children. Praise God for the united families and happy homes which salvation makes out of unhappiness! He has proved a faithful Soldier, and is willing to go wherever God leads him.

Four Drunkards Sought Christ

white under the influence of drink during the next few months, but drink held them slaves. We trust they will not soon forget our prayers and that Jesus will bring them to salvation. It is too late. During the four months since their thirteen sought and found Christ. One more of these I must mention. He was a Frenchman who had lived in and around Kalispell for ten or twelve years and engaged in many occupations and who now is a stock-ruler. No form of sin had he escaped except crime. He drank constantly, though not visibly influenced by it. A song on the street: “If you love your mother, meet her in the skies,” convicted him and made him realize that if he was going to keep his promise to a sainted mother he must turn from his sins. He did so, and remembered that mother's prayer, and after many years brought the wanderer home. Some one said to him when he told them he was saved: “You can't pray.” He replied, “I learned to swear and drink, I guess I can learn to pray.” God is good.

We were ordered to be in Spokane during the Commissioners' visit in July, so “good-byes” were said, and the Corps was left without Officers for a week. Under the leadership of

Capable Sgt.—Major Pierce

and his faithful wife, the Corps got along finely and succeeded in having good meetings and paying expenses during the time. The Army righted things when they came for a short time. God blessed the fallen Kalispell soldiers who stood so bravely at their posts through intense heat and numerous mosquitoes. God will reward them!

Captain Quint and Lieutenant Scott are now in charge of the Corps, and good work is being done. Captain Scott and Brother Hopkins now has his wife with him on the platform, and theirs is a happy home in Christ Jesus.—Mrs. Capt. Gillette.

WITH

MAJOR and MRS. GASKIN

AND

The Headquarters Staff Band at Lippincott.

Lippincott had been favored with a Musical Festival by the Band only a week or two previous, so expectations ran high. Saturday evening they came for a short time. God blessed the fallen Kalispell soldiers who stood so bravely at their posts through intense heat and numerous mosquitoes. God will reward them!

The next Officers were Captain and Mrs. Gillette. They came March 26th, ready for any duty they might have to perform. They found the two rooms partitioned off at the back of the barracks ready for the officers' children, and themselves to want out to within six miles from Kalispell and got the donation of some lumber to put in a partition, making three rooms in which they lived very comfortably for four months. They worked hard to clear the Corps of debt, with the help of God, saving every cent, and meetings, and by holding church meetings, they managed to pay off the \$80 indebtedness. The Major was evidently bent on avoiding anything that might in any way resemble a “rat.” Instead of a lengthy dissertation by one preacher, there were five different preachers, or perhaps, what is more to be preferred,—talkers, who talked and the subjects treated were as follows:

Ensign Shen.—“Sin.”

Adjutant Morris.—“What to do to be saved.”

Ensign Hale.—“What it is to be saved.”

Ensign Morris.—“What it is to be saved and not sanctified.”

Src.—Major Horn.—“What it is to be sanctified.”

The Major, concluding with some foreboding words, summed up all that had been said. The visible results of this meeting were three volunteers for the blessing of a dead boy.

In the afternoon there was a good attendance, the playing of the Band being greatly admired. Six comrades were sworn in under the old Pledge, the Major making the most of this occasion to force home the truth upon the hearts of all present.

The evening meeting was the best. The new wife last. Out of the “ruts” again the Major started right away with depending with the usual preliminaries. The change was good, as was easily seen and felt. The prayer-meeting was a hard fight, but Jesus conquered and two volunteers were sent to the altar, from many others helping deeply convicted. The meetings for the day were excellent. Praise the Lord!

ONE FROM ULMER.

FOR YOU—WANTED AT ONCE

Four Godly, consecrated young women to offer themselves for the Rescue Work. Write to Mrs. Major Read, Women's Social Secretary, Albert Street, Toronto.

A Christmas Tree.

Children Have a Happy Time.

... that He gave?"
 have been there. Didn't I? Oh, my! but I did. others went with our to the Staff Captain, because given for the little ones in the fourteen by our Booth. Why, do you forty of us toddlers, my papas and mammas they call the young they're growing up, you're not married yet— even like Staff Captain ergot we mustn't mention.

Tree was held in Liverpool. There were in the shape of a big slide, and when them sat at the open head, and we filled up when we all sang grace, at the others so much only I know they were apples, bread and buttered our attention very well with our we all like and little folk. The "old."

the One I love."

swell. I noticed that was quite charmed at the and expressions of oh, yes, if we ARE we clapped our them. All the little faces and tell sure they understood it pose the big folk do.

next, marching round like Berry played the accordion and Colonel and about half of the rest of the visitors just like a big family and they DID laugh to

at filled in all with Santa Claus' appearance. And the necks and told us all to

Presently there was bells, but it was not a passing sketch. We jingle, jingle. We arance almost breath-

not cried. Here door flew open; there rattle and tinkling of with a bound and a Claus, jested with there were too many me to tell you about want to have seen the Sheer. She

like whiskers and big yards her, her usually lightened up, and she of wonder and pleasure Santa Claus called him. He had a little own basket for her little purse, containing but her eyes did open just look happy. She round her, and prayed for this. Then they off to the big Christmas another basket, and a up men, with his I will give you the name of each one, also age, occupation, and where he will be settled.

Adjt. McLean—Their Names and Occupations—Many Intelligent and Educated—One Speaks Seven Languages—Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers and Sisters and Relatives Massacred.

The Armenians are very intelligent. One of them speaks seven languages, and the others two, three and four. We had two mass meetings Sunday in the Academy of Music, which was crowded to the doors, and raised \$17. Major Bogart was present, and conducted the meetings. I will give you the name of each one, also age, occupation, and where he

Constantinople, clerk, age 22, from Armenia. Ogannan, clerk, age 22, from Armenia. Kurekhan, waiter, age 21, from Savoy. Chahmeh Bedroshan, student, age 16, Constantinople. Antonio Yeradoss, merchant, age 20, from Coto Island. Moustapha Dabash, shop-keeper, age 20, from Constantinople. Shirdas Arbilashan, student, age 20, from Smyrna. Ouaness Donigian, cook, age 20, Constantinople. Philibor Minasian, porter, age 30, from Dikrik; married, two children. Stephan Melchian, tailor, age 35, from Mesh.

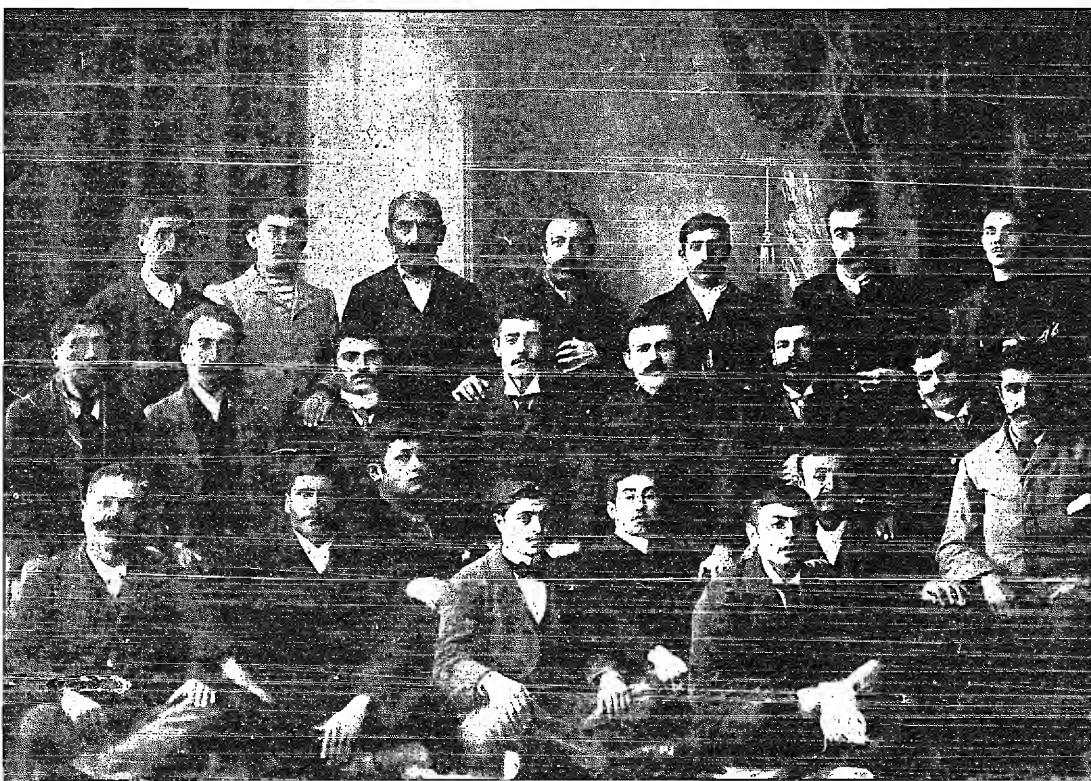
Merikor Cnevint, clerk, age 31, from Egan. Sotak Terzian, draper, age 26, from Arshoune. Zebek Makdossian, porter, age 28, from Dikrik; married, one child. Nazmet Mooridian, hosiery, age 22, Mesh.

Hokman Shingian, tailor, age 28, Mar-

Sirak Ashjian, cook, age 18, from Mar-

Markan Sarabian, foreman, age 18, from Constantinople. Joseph Zorbian, rimmersmith, age 25, from Constantinople.

Krikor Aviljan, moulder, age 27, Smyr-



THE TWENTY-ONE ARMENIAN REFUGEES

Who Recently Landed in this Country Under the Auspices of the Salvation Army.

THE REFUGEES

AT HALIFAX.

A Report by Adjt. McLean—Their Names and Occupations—Many Intelligent and Educated—One Speaks Seven Languages—Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers and Sisters and Relatives Massacred.

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Bohdos Huchayovian, baker, age 40, Kourkut; married, three children. Boghos Mungervian, carpenter, age 27, from Pabeo, four children. Garabet Bhatian, dry goods clerk, age 20, from Constantinople.

This party has suffered the loss of fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers and sisters and other relations. In all they number

Four Who Have Fallen Victims

of the bloodthirsty Turks. They have witnessed some of the worst massacres ever committed with their lives. Some of them made their way to Marash, where the Armenian Association now resides, and on to Leningrad, where they were also fed and sheltered by the Army until arrangements were made for their transportation here. I had the honor of meeting them and giving them a welcome to the land of the free, also caring for them, for which they feel most grateful. They are looking forward to the time when they will be settled.

A. McLEAN.

WINNIPEG.

Good times in Winnipeg, from 7 to 11 p.m. God blessed us; knee-drill a mighty time. Holliness meeting up, outpouring; our songs, hymns, etc. On Saturday night, a meeting filled with God's spirit and power; glorious victory; four souls were found at Jesus' feet and got beautifully saved. God bless the Winnipeg Comrades. They are working.

Cader Hublik.

HILLSBORO, N.D.

Praise God for victory! We wound up Sunday's meeting with one sister crying "Go for Jesus." Miss McDonald was here Tuesday and Wednesday with her Lantern. Our Self-Denial was a success. We hit the target, which was \$70. Our friends were very kind in helping us. The Soldiers all took an active part. Hallelujah!—T. Hanson, Cor.

REVIVAL AT HAMILTON.

The Union at Hamilton I, the week-end. Wives of Holy Ghost power. Mighty conviction. Sunday special for Presbyterians. Glorious times! Citadel rocked to the core. Featress seeking Salvation Corps on the rise. Bigger revival expected. Wishing all a Happy New Year.

J. S. MacLean, Adjutant.

Important to Field Officers.

AN UNWORKED MINE.

Every one wishes to add to his list of special meetings anything new, attractive, and yet thoroughly Salvation Army, and when this can be done with the fourfold result of helping the Officer, increasing the attendance, doing good to the selected, and assisting Territorial Headquarters, it surely needs but to be mentioned to be commenced this winter throughout the country. We propose to show how this can be done, either on Sundays or week evenings at any Corps, small or large. The method of operation is as follows:

The Officer (1) to make him fully acquainted with the principles and the present position of the Social Scheme in general and the Territorial Social Work in particular, and to be prepared to state them intelligently from the platform.

(2) Secure a "local light" to attend the Branches on the platform, and probably give \$5.00 for the lantern.

(3) Meet the Light Brigade Local Agents in connection with the Corps, and through them issue written or verbal invitations to their box-holders to be present at the meeting.

(4) Send a few dimes on interesting advertisements, giving some idea of the nature of the lecture, and invite the relatives and philanthropic people of the neighborhood.

(5) Have the Light Brigade Agents on the platform, see that they are furnished with bulletins explanatory of the Social Scheme, and use them in the meeting.

(6) Appeal not only for help for the Corps, but endeavor to secure the taking of a Grace Before Meal Box by every friend and outsider present, and send the names of such new Box-holders to the Provincial Grace Before Meal Agent. The consequences will be, in addition to the Box-holders, a few contributions. Each outsider taking a Grace Before Meal Box will be permanently linked to the Salvation Army. Many a score of its present-day friends were made in this way. Thousands of new workers for, and

givers to the Social Scheme would be made from those who are now emulators through ignorance of what we are doing. And the Local Corps and its Officers must reap the benefit.

After practical experience, I venture to say to the Field Officer, "Do it and see for yourself." It requires hard work to make it a success, but then what doesn't! Any further hints and suggestions will be gladly furnished upon application to Territorial Headquarters; by

MAJOR J. READ.

OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

A Sermonette on "Talking" by Secretary Caslin.

I was thinking what tremendous harm is done by the tongues of people, many professing Christians included. It is a evil, full of deadly poison. St. Paul says, "Let your speech always with grace, seasoned with salt." This doesn't mean that we'll always be talking about religion, but whatever may be our conversation, let it be pure, that people may take note that we have learned of Jesus. We should study to know when an old man, or woman, Jesus kept silence under the greatest provocation, when He could easily have defended Himself against His enemies.

Jesus didn't stand up for His rights, Italy people will be criticized by the world and by half-hearted Christians, but the world is going to keep silent. Jesus did, and go on with our good work. Lord, help me more than ever to increase in this wonderful grace!

But there are times when we must speak out, as well as be silent, and rebuke, and correct wrongs, but we will need extra grace to do this. The Saviour despised wrong, as well as kept silent. Lord, keep us from being harsh in our words! There is much room for kind words that comfort, and heal, and help, but no room for lies, foolish, and silly words.

Twelve girls comprise a Junior Christian Endeavor Society in an industrial school for girls in Toronto. Last year these children gave thirty dollars for missions, all raised by their own efforts. —Presbyterian Review.

SHOULD BE
GOT TO RE-
THE LITTLE
LAZARUS.

THE WAR CRY.

WAGES OF SIN.

A Thrilling Sketch from Real Life by
Staff-Captain Watson.

About seven years ago, while leading a meeting, I noticed a tall, thin, careworn-looking woman enter the hall. She came and sat down almost at the front, looking strange that I should so closely resemble her. I don't know why, but there was something strange about the tall figure that attracted my attention, something in her beautiful eyes that seemed to speak of better days, something in the surly, outline of the plucked face which, spite of her thin, careworn appearance, I could not fail to find breeding. She was sitting with an old man, who only recently had been converted from a despotic life of drunkenness. At the close of the meeting the old man introduced my wife and I to her. In his own rough way: "She is staying at my place with her man, and naturally would take him in, so I did. Will you come and see them some day?" We promised to go, but in a day or two she was taken sick and the old man came and told us of it. So we went to see her. After some inquiry we found an old, dilapidated, half-drown frame building where you could hardly call it a house, but entering, we found the poor woman lying on one only bed in one room, not even a stick of furniture besides the old bed and a chair. She was there. An aunts' room, a simple little room, with a few chairs completed the furniture of the only other room. There she lay, not dressed, dressed in the few clothes which scarcely covered her poor body. She was very, very sick, helpless, unshaven and with uncombed hair. She was indeed a sad sight. The old man said, whispering: "No one would take her in, they have no friends and no home." I found out the old fellow's name and who was unmerciful to her, had his coat from his body and could not walk. My wife and a sister-Soldier at once set to work, procured nourishment and clothing of their own, cut off the old dress, which was the only clothing, from her, washed and undressed her, and put her into a clean, comfortable dress. I told the old man, "but the services were not much needed—she was already beyond human help, though he did not know it." Next afternoon we visited her again. She was all alone, and as I shook her hand, I felt it was cold and clammy. "As we left the house I said to my wife, 'Did you notice how cold her hand was?'" "Yes," my wife replied. "I believe she is dying."

Before leaving we asked her if there was anything she needed; she fancied some beef tea. My wife hurried home to make some tea, and to get a brandy for the medicine. When she returned, a neighbor woman was in. The Doctor had been and ordered some brandy. The neighbor was just going to give the brandy to her when my wife arrived. "I have brought you some nice beef tea," which would do for the brandy or tea, you see?" she asked. "Oh, I don't want the brandy; give me some beef tea." It was her last meal on earth.

As the sun was setting my wife was trying to her bedside. A dear little girl, the daughter of the woman, was playing in the street.

"Would you like to see your little girl?" my wife asked.

"Yes, I would," she said. She went and brought her from the street and sat her on her knees beside the bed. The mother set her big eyes on her little girl and said, "Oh, Mrs. W., if it wasn't for her I wouldn't mind." She leaned over while the mother kissed her for the last time. She continued looking at her speechless until the death struggle commenced. Ah, no one ever thinks we might be drowning in hell, but her she looked on her little girl for the last time. It had no father, poor unfortunate! and was soon to have no mother. No friends to leave her to—no home. Poor soul! Welcome death arrange!

After meeting us again, she was dying, struggling with death, fighting it back with a vacant, giddy face. She

lore her hair. A short time before she died, the old man, her companion in sin, said to her, "I am the last of the bad, and now?" "How is the old man now?"

"She is very sick indeed," my wife replied, "she will not see the morning."

"Oh, yes," I replied with faith, "I have seen her as bad as that many a time before; she's like a cat, she's got nine lives," and away she skinned from the room.

Oh, heartless wretch! Oh, hardened sin! I had to leave the bedside; could not endure the sight. A few moments and all was over. Loving hands performed the last offices to the poor, lone, homeless woman. A common pine coffin was used, and the body was laid in it. All day, having got a few soldiers together, no placed the pine box in a democrat wagon, and after a short service started for the cemetery. As the little cortège was following the unknown stranger to the cemetery, I noticed a strange young woman walking behind the wagon in front of it. An old woman touched me on the shoulder and said, "Don't say a word, Captain, but you see this young woman in front of you?" I replied "Yes."

"Well, she is the dead woman's daughter, and is following her to the grave, but does not know that it is her mother."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, it's true."

"My God!"

We soon arrived at the grave, and were proceeding with the burial. The coffin was in the grave, the service was being read when suddenly a buggy drove into the cemetery, containing two women, the mother and daughter, who had come together, while one frantically rushed up to the grave, and bending low, bitterly wailed, "Oh, my poor daughter! My dear daughter! To think that you should die without a friend near you."

"I could not proceed with the service for they were so excited, so some of us sang a solemn hymn, weeping and finally finished the service. The woman in black was her mother. A widowed, broken-hearted mother who had just come to the funeral of her prodigal daughter. It was a sad scene. The old, old story was that of the dead woman. Tempted and forsaken, estranged from her home, became an outcast from society and home and friends, but what a sad ending for a woman with a good home and mother, who had gone down! down! down! We left that graveside a sad and mournful crowd, and realized more than ever the truth of the scripture, "The wages of sin is death." Yes, it was a sad end to a young life.

ANOTHER LIVING MIRACLE

Demonstrating the Power of God to Savo.



LIEUT. HILDRETH,
Victor's Food and Shelter Depot.

I thought I would send you my photo, so you could see how the Lord has strengthened out a man who, after years of dissipation, had become a perfect wreck. I used tobacco and whistled all night, I used beer and whisky all day, and for nearly two years previous to my conversion was a morphine and cocaine fiend, using every day about forty grains of morphine and from ten to thirty grains of cocaine. A person who has never used these drugs can form no idea of what they do to a man, for they get into the habit of using them. The police used to try to break me from using morphine by putting me in jail, but it was no use. During the last two years that I was in sin, I was arrested by eleven different policemen, and in that time I was imprisoned for about twenty times. And been out of jail about a month, after serving a three-months' sentence, when I got saved in Helena, Montana. Was saved May 9th, '95. Was accepted for the social work, and came to Victoria Shelter just Christmas. (Last year I had a hard time, being admitted in a whole recruited corps to God. The first time I was put in jail I was in a terrible condition, weighed

about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, my back bent, one shoulder about three inches lower than the other, and looking so pale and thin, that the jailer called me featherweight. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Hallelujah! Lieutenant Wm. Hildreth, S. A. Shelter, Victoria, B. C.

ICICLES FROM ICELAND.

An Interesting Despatch from Capt. Davidson

The bombardment of Isafjord, the second largest town in Iceland, is reported a glorious success. A Danish Captain and a native Cutler are in charge. It promises to be a tough fight there, as the authorities show themselves very unfriendly.

The meetings are overcrowded, and rather noisy, with four times as many people outside as in the hall. The Burgo-master has forbidden all charges at the door, for in this wise he thinks he can encourage people to come in. The authorities learned of this, we distributed several hundreds of blank numbers of the War Cry, tracts, etc., to be sold and used as billets to the meetings. If he goes any further in limiting our liberty it is probable that we have a week or two in store for him yet. Thank God we have paid through the difficulties incurred of this, in the midst of life we are in death, and go on as thoughtless as ever. The sufferers are being nobly helped by the people of Denmark.

Seven persons have been killed at Castro, Italy, by an explosion in a confectionery establishment.

James Shaw, Hamilton, Ont., was fined \$50 for keeping a gambling house, but the case will be appealed.

Thirty men employed on Government work at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, have left to fight for Cuban rebels.

Iceland's population, according to the census of 1885, is 267,223, an increase over the previous census of 23,429,917.

An explosion in a gallery at Viborg, Dan., buried 20 miners, so far it has been recovered and revivified.

This year nearly 30,000 bushels of grain passed through the Soo Canal, an increase of 25,000,000 compared with last year's movement.

Shipments of British Columbia salmon to the English market for the season are about over. The cases are all shipped by water on a regular fleet of sailing vessels employed for that purpose.

Cambridge University, England, recently passed a statute enabling the university authorities to deprive a graduate of his degrees and all the privileges of the university in case of misconduct.

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It has been announced that the remains of the late George DuMaurier were cremated. The body of the late R. Field will undergo the same process, and it is reported that among others who have declared in favor of it are Bishop Potter, Dr. W. S. Rutherford, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, William Waldorf Astor, Edward Everett Hale, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Dudley Warner, Marshall P. Wilder, and Eliza Wheeler Wilcox.

Door of Our Hall was Battord

by an unruly mob, which frequently gather around our premises at the time of meetings. The police are either uninterested in the matter or in the matter in hand, so have to call in the police and preachers at times in order to carry on the meetings undisturbed.

We are just through Self-Denial. Our precious comrades have done splendidly in spite of the poverty and hard times prevailing here. God bless them! We are sending a certain amount of time some services to the westward by working at his trade (photography) and teaching several young men the same.

"Herald," our monthly War Cry, has sixty subscribers among the Icelandic population in Winnipeg. We think the Winnipeg, Man., corps should order some. Don't you? Pray for us.—Th. J. Davidson, Captain.

The opening of the great Siberian Railway to Omsk makes it possible to go from St. Petersburg to Omsk and return, a distance of 4,000 miles, in ten days. The difficulties encountered in the construction of the road were very great, and were overcome only because the engineer of this generation knows no defeat. In some of the mountain regions the men had to be lowered to their work in baskets, carrying their food with them. One boy, which had to be carried is sixty miles to the west of the mountains and their men were compelled to live in little huts built on piles and reached only by boats. When completed, the railway will be one of the great wonders of the world.

CURRENT : EVENTS

Gathered by G. B. M.

Sealers are leaving Victoria for the California fishing grounds.

At Brandon, Man., Mary Matsuk, three years old, was burned to death.

A Society has been formed in London to prevent the premature burial of the dead.

It is believed that next season vessels will trade between Montreal and Amtrala.

Paris tribunals have declared that the habit of gambling by the wife is a valid ground for divorce.

Rev. Prof. John Meagher, of the Regis-Opole College, Kingston, has just been ordained a priest.

The C. P. R. is said, will buy all the steamers of the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Company.

Seven persons have been killed at Castro, Italy, by an explosion in a confectionery establishment.

James Shaw, Hamilton, Ont., was fined \$50 for keeping a gambling house, but the case will be appealed.

Thirty men employed on Government work at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, have left to fight for Cuban rebels.

Iceland's population, according to the census of 1885, is 267,223, an increase over the previous census of 23,429,917.

An explosion in a gallery at Viborg, Dan., buried 20 miners, so far it has been recovered and revivified.

This year nearly 30,000 bushels of grain passed through the Soo Canal, an increase of 25,000,000 compared with last year's movement.

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BROTHERS ALL ARE WE.

Genuine Methodism—Sheep Offering and Surprise Party.

HILLSDORO, N. D.—We have a Regular Correspondent here, but I have a few new things to say myself. Provincial Secretary Bennett and Adjutant McNamara paid me a visit this week. The Methodists had an oyster supper the same night, but our hall was nearly full. We had a good, profitable time. Lieutenant Cook and your humble servant had an invitation to a public dinner, got up by our Methodist friends. After being requested to ask a blessing Captain Bevitt raised his plate, and to our surprise said my sister with a smile said, "I am a Methodist, and I am here to present a surprise to a few friends who wished to show in a practical way their God-speed to our work. I tell you the captain almost fainted, but recovered sufficiently to thank the dear friends, and we knelt and thanked God. May God bless these dear people, and return them to us again. They are the world's best Christians do things, and I just think it is fine but the dinner has not yet stopped, for just as Captain and Lieutenant sat down to tea in walked another man, a farmer, with a whole sheep dressed, and frozen stiff! Then we felt like shouting and cheering. "To the public! To the public! a shower drops already from above!" This is beautiful, but we want to see souls at Jesus' feet.—Bevitt, Cook & Co.

HELPS FOR J.S. WORKERS.

JANUARY 17th.

"MOSES' GREAT WORK."

Exodus iv, 1-21, 27-31.

Our last lesson closes with Moses standing near the burning bush, listening to his father's God as He poured into his ear His purposes concerning the children of Israel. In the verse or two or three on we read that the Lord of Moses that He would send him to Pharaoh to bring them out of the land of Egypt.

A Call of Long Ago.

Forty years before this, when Moses visited his brethren in Egypt, he seems to have quite believed that by the hand of God he was to be Israel's deliverer (see Acts xii, 29). And when his brethren refused him their services he bowed them out in his heart. No doubt that may a time during those long years shepherd in Midian his heart went back to his people, and his consciousness that his brethren would not recognize him as the deliverer must have been to him a constant pain and sorrow.

Moses Feels Faint-Hearted.

Now, however, he appeared quite unprepared for this great responsibility, and surprised at the importance of the work which God had told him to do. And because of His presence was enough to have driven the fear from any heart, but Moses hesitated. Despite his love and sympathy for his afflicted people he had not a large amount of natural courage.

But not from Selfish Considerations.

But we notice that he did not plead any home, wife or family as an excuse for not wishing to go; he after efforts proved how prepared he was for the sacrifice. Moses' difficulty was that he did not consider himself fit for the work. His simple, humble spirit would have been content to have herded Jethro's flock, or his flock, but it was often said of such men that God wants to use leaders of men. He can do something with this kind of people—they are not in such danger of running off on plans of their own, and will be willing to wait until He gives the word of command.

"They will not Believe me."

Moses raised an objection, and a very fair one, that he was not fit for the work we can be sure that He will give the required fitness for it. But God bore with his lack of trust, and by two miracles showed him by signs no wonders He would let the people know that His servant had a Divine commission.

"I am not Eloquent."

The devil presented another difficulty to Moses' mind, and he responded that he could not talk well. But God reminded him that He had made man's mouth and that He would teach him what to say. This should have satisfied Moses, yet still the poor trembling heart murmured as he thought of the immensity of the undertaking, of hard-hearted Pharisees, of the unbelief of the people, of the people's weakness, and how they had rejected his previous well-meant interference on their behalf, and still Moses cried to his God. But God, though angry with such cowards, had brought Moses into the world on purpose for this work, and would not let him escape the work, giving him as his mouthpiece his brother Aaron.

"And the People Believed."

God soon let Moses see that He was as good as His word, and that the people for whom he was sent to speak His word would indeed believe him sent from God and their appointed leader.

God never leaves people who follow him courageously and whole-heartedly without signs of their Divine appointment. Signs will follow the Junior who believes and does not his conscience tells him—he will be freed from fear and himself, he will have a new courage to confess Christ, to be able to stand out against the devil.

God's Strength in Human Weakness.

Moses' natural timidity and lack of self-confidence was nothing to God, and such is no excuse for anybody holding back from God's call to service. He has courage for his task, faith for his failures, strength for the work, and wisdom for that lack of understanding. Let us take a lesson from Moses who, after all his fears, surrendered to God's will, went home and said good-bye to Jethro and the sheep, put his wife and boys on a donkey, and started off at noon of day to his great work. Had Moses refused to obey, we know not how long God's plan for Israel might not have been delayed.

QUESTIONS.

Why did Moses fear to take up his work?

What signs did God give him of His presence and help?
How was God's promise fulfilled?
What great lesson does the call of Moses teach?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

THE DEVIL'S RIDGEBACKS.

ORILLENA.—The War is going on in this northern country, but not without some desperate conflicts. Bill Dyker says the devil often comes to him with his white dove to show his dirty black hands. Sister Dyker is a regular War Cry booster in the hotel on Salmon River. Our Comrade has charge of the Juniors. By the time this is in print we shall have had our Juniors' Jingle and Christmas Tree. We had Brother and Sister McEachern with us on Sunday—two tried Army comrads. We had a good concert, labor of love. We had a visit from our beloved pastor, the tunesmith, featuring accompanied by his wife and music. There is noise of war in the camp. The Lord is in our midst. Look out for the whirlwind—William Lewis, Captain.

A MARRIAGE AT HALIFAX I.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night a Hallelujah meeting. The participants were Bandsman Fraser and Bandsman Ian McLeod, both of Halifax F. Corps, assisted by Bandsman Harry Negus and Sister Maud Wrigley. After Adjutant Creighton read the Army Articles of Marriage, the Rev. John McMichael, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and smoke and words of advice, after which the bride and groom gave their testimonies. A large crowd was in attendance. May the Lord bless the happy couple, and make them successful in the Divine life!—Secretary Cashin.

NEWCASTLE.—Good day Sunday, ending with Jesus receiving two of his wandering ones to Himself. Many in deep trouble over their souls. Our faith runs high for our winter's work here.—Yours envoing the day, Ida M. Miller.

SUMMERSIDE.

We are, by the grace of God, having victory, proving daily that His power is not limited. Our trust is firm in Christ. Our meetings of late have been owned and blessed of God, and have had the joy of seeing souls of the wanderers return to their Father's house. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver. Hallelujah!—Mattice Gamble.

EDMONTON.

Great times last Sunday. Wonderful power in all the meetings; hall crowded at night as it hadn't been for a long time; one soul in the Fontanello. Glory to God!—J. K. Kreider, Reg. Cor.

Good meetings all day Sunday at LIS-TOWELL. Converts coming along fine.—S. M. A. R. C.

Two souls for the week at MORDEN, reports Newfoundland.

"HELLO! What was going on at Riverside Sunday?"

"Why, what do you think! Two of the Ex-Provost Staff Band boys were leading the meetings from 7 a.m. to 10:30 at night. One soul was converted, and we gave God the glory. Ah! that's just you; go on and win souls for the Master.—Lieutenant Theo. Blue for Captain McDougal.

PETERBORO.

God is giving us the victory. Hallelujah! We had a blessed time at Soldiers' meeting on Wednesday night. God was with us, and He blessed our souls. We had with us Sunday Lieutenant Mandell Grant, our old comrade, and he just turned 100 years old Christian. God bless him. We had blessed meetings all day Sunday, too. At the holiness meeting two prodigals returned to Jesus. God keep them true; also at night four souls found pardon at the feet of Jesus. Hallelujah! Yours fighting.—Sergt. May Lang.

JOE LUDGATE AND THE KINTOGRAPHE.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have "unveiled" these last ten days from us, and are now in the old Methodist Church, next door to where we formerly held meetings. Adjutant Clark and his assistants did their best to make the opening meeting a success. Captain Lane and the Kintograph were there, and the various selections were reproduced by the aid of that wonderful electrical machine. Adjutant Joe Ludgate's singing was especially enjoyed. We hope to hear him again some night. The meeting closed with an appeal to the unevangelized, and a red-hot prayer-meeting.—Annie Reilly.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.

Good meeting yesterday. Six souls for clean hearts. Fighting hard, determined to win. Soldiers getting into uniform. Look more like Soldiers, and can fight for Jesus ever so much better. God is very good to us, and we mean to do all we can to build up His Kingdom.—J. M. Dehorn, Reg. Cor.

DUNDAS on the rise. Good day Sunday. Increase all round. One volunteer at night. Win we will.—Cremmer and Wor.

TEMPLE, Toronto.

Sunday a day of Salvation, with eleven souls are coming "home" again who left a few years ago. The Corps is getting stronger in every way. To God be all the glory.—Jupiter.

LEEDS still on the move. Thursday good times. I can tell you. When Adjutant Gibbs stepped to the front and read the Articles of War to the crowd, we know something was going to happen. Then to the surprise of all, Adjutant Gibbs' "Army Page" our four brave warriors stepped to the front, and were sworn in as Soldiers of the Salvation Army by Adjutant. Of course Adjutant never swears, but they are full-fledged Soldiers, anyhow. Then, best of all, one poor soul came to the Cross, got the witness of a personal Saviour—yours to call again, Rogers, Reg. Cor.

LISSTOWELL.

We are having good crowds, especially Sunday nights, when the barracks is crowded even to standing space, and a dozen or more families are gathered in, with all small, eg. out, so that they can get in. Oh, God does come and wonderfully bless us. Glory to His dear Name! We had English Scouting with us Friday night. Had a beautiful time. Then on Sunday night was the crowning time, with the singing of hymns, and the singing of the dear old Scotch psalm tune, but feeling well reward for our day's labor. Then on Monday we had the big guns with us in the persons of Brighouse Marquats, Adjutant Taylor, and the Palmerston Brass Band, and also Comrades from Palmerston and Princeton. We had a blessed time in the meeting, but no time to go to the service of God's Spirit. So Brighouse said we would have a happy time for ourselves, and left off with choruses and testimonies followed by a march around the hall and then general hop-up. I tell you it was excellent. The majority of the people were converted. Then Brighouse said a little immediate about the charms we were singing, which brought down the house, and we could not sing much more, so we closed the meeting, and we all went home, running over with joy. H. C.

A PROPER CONVERT.

YARROW, N. S.—God is giving us victory here. During the last fortnight ten souls have sought and found Salvation. One of the converts sold eight War Crys, securing six regular customers the first week he was saved. We are having big alterations made in our Barracks, and will be ready by the beginning of next year to have a new hall. Then Brighouse said a little immediate about the charms we were singing, which brought down the house, and we could not sing much more, so we closed the meeting, and we all went home, running over with joy. A. Y. L.

GHASTLY MEMENTOS.

SPRING HILL—Two souls at the Mersey on Friday night, and God in His love set them free. They are doing well. Thursday night, Capitols Stupers and Alton with us. Had a very special meeting. Mother Prodigal Son in our church. Capitols Stupers acting as Prodigal. First act: "Leaving home." Second act: "Eating ban-tucon, gets drunk, plays cards, drugged and robbed." Third act: "On the sidewalk, with no money, where he meets a man who sends him feeding swine, etc." Fourth act: "Recovering his inheritance." Capitols Stupers who was with Peter Wheeler (the murderer of Annie Kompton) in his last hours, spoke of him, showing his comb and photo, and a piece of the rope that executed said murderer. The meeting was

very interesting and impressive. A supper after meeting. We are going on.

D. HINDY, Captain.

We have had such nice times here that I thought I would write you. On Sunday we had with us Ensign Conway, Glorious Times. Conviction rested on the hearts of the people, but no conversion with us. The Corps is getting stronger in every way. To God be all the glory.—J. S. Phillips, Salvation Harbor, Halifax, N. S.

What Brought David Out of Bed?

The other day, going up town, I was thinking very much over our special Self-Defeat War Cry. On the other side of the street I saw a lady walking, who I used to send her a War Cry, and I just thought I wish I had sent her one of this week's and as I turned around she called across the street, "Oh, by the way, if there is anything special in the War Cry, just send me one, and me one, too." Well, I will send you one, I said, "for it is fine." A few days after I had the same lady and she said, "Oh, thank you very much! The War Cry you sent me was just lovely." And, of course, I was just of the same opinion, and do you know, between you and I, I believe that War Cry helped me to double my collection for Self-Defeat this year.



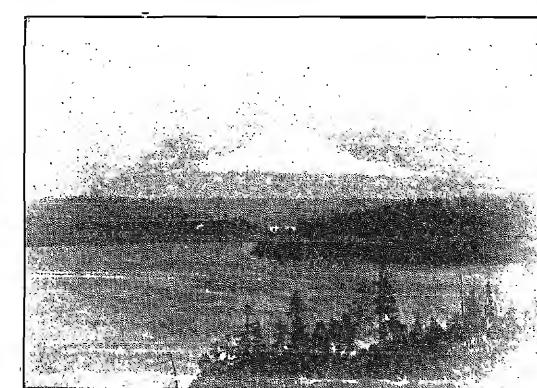
TREASURER DAVID CUSICK, Quebec.

Ah, dear old War Cry! many a blessing and inspiration you have been to me and often have I had to get out of my bed at night and get on my knees and recommit my life to God, after I had read some of the Corps' reports written in your fine, dramatic style. Well, I will end by saying, Thank God, dear War Cry, after ten years' soldiering, I am well saved, and by God's help I mean to meet all my dear Comrades in the Morning.

DAVID CUSICK, Treas., Quebec.



We Want Your Ear to Listen to the groans of the helpless and take a G. B. M. Box. This will practically benefit them.



MOUNT RAINIER, Washington, U.S., 14,500 feet High (the extreme West of our Territory)



CAPT. PYNN Promoted to Glory.
A Faithful Warrior Gone Home.

Eric appears in print, many will with deep regret learn of the glorious promotion of our much-loved and highly esteemed Comrade, Captain Pynn.

About seven years ago Captain Pynn (then Lieutenant) was appointed with me at Bonavista, Newfoundland. In her I found a valuable assistant and efficient helper. Together we fought, worked and toiled, and together we rejoiced over souls born and saved. About a year and six months later we were again together at Bonavista. Twillingate. Not being very well myself, she went nobly forward to shoulder the responsibility. I can truly say she was a genuine Salvationist. I never knew her to shirk her cross, nor to stop when she ought to have gone forward, nor to shun when she ought to have shamed the scoffers. And when I mourn her loss? Still I sorrow not as those without hope; I believe we shall meet again, when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away; we shall recognize each other on the Golden Shore.

In Memoriam.

Faithful Comrade, thou hast left us; gone to join the Blood-washed Band; gone to wave the pole of victory, to that bright and happy land.

We are left to fight still longer, to bear the Cross, and victory gain; but on that bright, eternal day, we shall each with Jesus reign.

Faithful Comrade, we shall miss thee, but out loud, Heaven's psalm, Bye-and-bye for we'll greet thee, Free from sorrow, grief and pain.

L. PENNY, Capt., St. John.

SISTER RUSSEL,
Of Stratford, has Gone to Reap Her Reward.

Thanksgiving morning, with drum muffled and flag dropped, we followed her remains to the G. T. R. Station; from there she was taken to Stratford, where a band of Soldiers headed by Ensign Jones followed her remains to the Cemetery.

At the Memorial Service several spoke of her living with Christ and her triumphant death.—T. F. B., for Adjutant Hunter.

Mercy at the Last Minute.

Death has again visited our little Village and taken from our midst the son of one of our Comrades, Herbert Howard, aged twenty-four years. He was under deep conviction for a year, and when he passed away, but he would not give in to the Spirit until he was sick, then he cried mightily to God, and He heard his penitent cry and saved him fully. He died triumphantly. Captain Milson, who was here visiting, visited him constantly during his illness, and conducted the funeral services, which were very impressive. God bless the bereaved father and family!—Lieutenant Carter, Odessa.

Dear GRANDMA SMITH Glorified.

Death has visited Windsor, N. S., and taken our dearly-loved Comrade Grandma Smith from our ranks.

Our sister was only a few days ill, but oh, she was beautifully ready. Not a doubt or fear clouded her brow. All blinding scenes were borne right away by the Cleansing Stream, and she was able when conscious to say "Christ is all in all to me." I am going home. Meet me there."

We gave dear Grandma a real Army funeral, most all the Comrades being able to be present. The services at the house and graveside were most impressive. We boys were much touched and many led to think about the need of being ready as our dear Comrade.

Grandma was such a true Salvationist of many years' standing, always in full uniform, and as she spoke of God's goodness to her, one could not but realize

she was God's Own. We held the Memorial Service in the barracks on Sunday night. The band, crowded, seven Comrades who knew Grandma best spoke of her faithfulness and the blessings she had been to them personally. One wanderer returned to the fold. May God bless the bereaved ones in our prayer, and may we be faithful to God and the Army until we, too, will lay down the sword to take up the Crown.—Katherine H. Jewer.

—10—
ENSIGN CARD Died in India.

From a late London War Cry we learn of the death of Ensign Prem Ims (Card) who went to India in 1898. His wife, formerly Captain Greet, of England, has also been called from earth's field of battle to Paradise; both dying with smallpox. They leave two children. This is the second Canadian Officer who has died in India, Captain Mary McLean having died several years ago.

—10—
LIZZIE BURT, Herring Neck, Nfld., Safe Within the Fold.

"Yes, thank God, Captain, all is well with my wife. We're the Lord's uttermost beloved creature. Sister Lizzie Burt, just five minutes previous to her death, "Glory to God!" she said, "I have the clear assurance that I am going home." She many times thanked God for the Army, and often said to me, "Captain, if the Army had not done anything else, it had been a great service to the world." Not being very well myself, she went nobly forward to shoulder the responsibility. I can truly say she was a genuine Salvationist. I never knew her to shirk her cross, nor to stop when she ought to have gone forward, nor to shun when she ought to have shamed the scoffers. And when I mourn her loss? Still I sorrow not as those without hope; I believe we shall meet again, when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away; we shall recognize each other on the Golden Shore.

—10—
Before the King.

Sister Liza Gamble, a soldier of the St. John's Corps, went to her reward on Monday, December 14th. She suffered much, and was never strong, but was always at her best when able. She left a bright legacy behind her. She said to me one day, "While people have been talking I have been praying, and the Lord has made the path clear." Just before she passed away, she looked up and said, with a laugh, "They're coming! I don't see them?" and the last word was "Jesus!"

The funeral service was impressive. The Rev. Mr. Cassidy, of the Methodist Church, spoke kindly at the house. The band led the procession to the grave, and we vowed a life of service to God. At the Memorial Service on the following Sunday night we sang several of Liza's favorite songs. Many were in tears, and a most touching service was held.

G. ATTWELL, Ensign.

—10—
Two of the

GENERAL SECRETARY'S STORIES

Some people, when they go to the penitent-form, just kneel down, shut their eyes, and you can't get a word out of them for the life of you.

I remember hearing of a certain fellow who had been a regular attender at a certain Tabernacle for a year, and who had sat through meeting after meeting with stolid indifference, coming out to the penitent-form one night. When any one

spoke to him he never answered, but on this particular occasion, while kneeling there, the Sergeant-at-arms called him by name, and he was very anxious to know how he was getting on. Said he to the man: "Do you understand the plan of Salvation? Are you willing to forsake your sin? Do you believe that Jesus is able and willing to save you? Have you made a full confession of your sins? Do all these things?" The poor man never answered a word. Still the Sergeant was not to be daunted. "Now then, my brother, do you believe God has blotted out your sins?" After these and several other questions, the poor man looked up and answered the Sergeant with these words, "Oh, that's best known to myself!" And yet, God saved him.

Some folks are so mighty particular about how people speak. What God wants is a sincere and contrite heart. I was once at a certain Corps leading some meetings. We had had a great time, I think there were eight of the penitent-form when a poor, ragged, dirty-looking woman, unwashed, and uncombed, (and yet weeping bitterly) made her way up the aisle, and fell down at the Mercy Seat. Such a picture of desolation! I asked her what was the matter. "I'm here to see my life before." Brought up to ignorance, drunkenness, and crime, she had no thought of God, but as she knelt there tears streamed down her face as she stared with wild eyes at the book of the seat at which she knelt. Many hearts ached for her. The Captain, known by all as "Brother," said, "Come closer, close your eyes and pray." She said, "Why, master, I can't; nobody never told me how." "Well," said he, "suppose you wanted anything from me, you would know how to ask me for it, it wouldn't you?" "Yes," said she, "I should." "Then," he replied, "Just make your mind that you will leave all the wicked things, and places, and people behind, and then when you have done that, just shut your eyes and tell God what you want Him to do, and He'll do it." The poor woman then clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and ended with all her might, "Oh, God, I'll do this lump of flesh!"

What! What! I was there and heard her, and if you had seen her when she arose from the penitent-form, you would just have thought that a burden had been rolled away, and no mistake!

—10—
A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

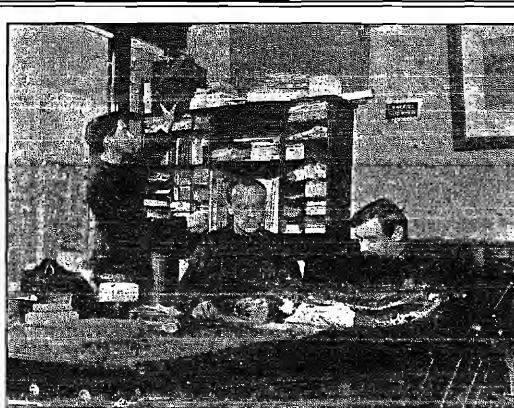
By MAJOR READ.

All the desperadoes and blackguards are not found in the big cities. Brother A. used to be a terrible drunkard before the Army struck F.—He nearly lost his life on "the Banks" on one occasion, before he was saved. He, with Brother T., a soldier, was in an open "dory," when a storm came up and drove the boat from their schooner. In a moment

Huge Wave Upset the Boat.

and the two were struggling together in the trough of the sea. Cool and collected, the Salvations seized the boat's side, while Brother A.—, with pale, wan face, did the same.

Instantly they both plunged to the boat again, but their cans were gone. In fact, nothing was left in the boat but the seats, and they had to paddle four miles to reach another schooner. This is how they paddled: Brother T.— got one of the seats and went to the bow, while Brother A.—, paddled with his hands, and when he got to the stern, he rested one of the boats on his head, and with the other paddled away, thus pushing the boat along as



The Trade Secretary's Office.

best they could. They reached the shore in safety, and their own vessel soon took them on. Brother A.—, is now door-keeper, and Brother T a candidate.



"Hello!"

"Hello, what number?"

"144, if you please."

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is that you, War Cry?"

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"Hello, Major Peck."

"Ho-ho-ho! How are you getting on at Lindsay, Peck?"

"Grand! We are having some beautiful times."

"That so? Do you get many people to the hall during the week?"

"Certainly! Our crowds are very good, talk about getting into consideration."

"Glad to hear that. Are you with?"

"Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews. I suppose you know he's a bonnie Scotcher?"

"Yes, he's a fine fellow."

"Are you getting any souls saved?"

"Yes, praise God! We have been here a little while now, and we have seen six blacksmiths converted. Glory to God! Yes, and one of them is an Adjutant. He used to be stationed here at one time."

"Good! And how are you keeping yourself, Peck?"

"Splendid, thank you! Never was better in my soul before."

"Hah-hah! Is there anything special taking place?"

"Anything special? Why, yes. All right, Adjutant, excuse me Major, they are calling me for dinner. I'll ring you up ashily hy-and-bye."

"Good-bye."

The SAM SORTER Co.

Several contributions referring to Self-Denial victories are being held over for the Special Thanksgiving Self-Denial issue.

HANDY, Portage la Prairie—Don't know tune of "The Jolly Old Sailor Has Been to Sea." Can you send us the music of it?

O. F. J. S., Sussex—"Without human help God can do nothing," you say. God can do just as He pleases either with or without human help. Balance of paragraphs acceptable. Thanks.

SECRETARY CASPIN—"Thought for God" acceptable, but crowded out for lack of space. Stay your hand for a while.

CHARLES DICKER—Your eight verses on "The Good Old Salvation Army," while being very good, contains many hard knock, singular, and rather rough organization, which we do not think fit to be the mission of the War Cry to attack, so we reluctantly throw the whole thing overboard.

CAPTAIN FRED R. BLOSS—Regret to say that "The Spirit of Prophecy" is crowded out.

MRS. R. PARSONS—Peterboro—Can you send us the music of "Dark-Eyed Sailor" to go with your song?

MRS. R. PARSONS—A brand plucked from the burning" is rejected on account of not being of sufficient interest.

CAPTAIN F. K.—No, we haven't "heard about the Soldier who while on his knees in the Tabernacle was very sick and was aroused by his nose coming in contact with the seat." Send us his photo and name to go with our collection of curiosities.

The War Cry is getting better. God bless you in all your efforts.

Yours in Him,

KATHIE H. JEWER."

HALLELUJAH HARMONIES

—AND—

Songs for Saints and Sinners.

SALVATION.

Saviour, I Know Thou Lovest Me.

Tunes.—Dear Heart, I Find We're Growing Old; or, Kiss Me, and I'll Go to Sleep; O, Take Me Back Again, Kathleen.

1. Saviour, I come to Thee just now,
Weary, and sick, and sick of sin;
Unlock the chains that bind my heart
I cannot rest, I cannot rest.

This load of sin's so hard to bear;
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,
And live, and dwell forever there.

Chorus.

Saviour, I know Thou loveth me,
Saviour, I know Thou loveth me;
I'm, oh! so weak, unworthy still;
Yet, Lord, I know Thou loveth me.

Saviour, I know that on the Cross
Thy precious Blood was shed for me;
O Lamb of God, that washes me from all sin,
Thou Lamb of God, I come to Thee!

I cannot, cannot, cannot rest,
Unless Thou all my sins remove,
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,
And let me feel a Saviour's love.

Oh, God! I cannot let Thee go!
My heart is weary, sad and lone;
Make me what'er Thou wouldst have me
he;

They will, oh God, They will be done!
I cannot, cannot, will not rest,
Until from guilt and sin set free;
I'm, oh, so weak, unworthy still;

Yet, Lord, I know Thou loveth me.

—By the late Miss J. Graham, Lindsay,
Ont., author of "Life's Alarm Will Soon
Be Wining."

—10:—

Not To-Night.

Tune.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.

2. When I hear sinners say, "Not to-night!"
If asked to decide for their God,
I think of the numbers in hell
Who now are lamenting that word.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord!
There's salvation in all who will come
To the Cross;
In Heaven there's plenty of room.

Yes, in hell there are millions to-day
Who might have been brought to the
light;
If they'd not said, when asked to decide,
"Yes, some other time—not to-night!"

No repentance or tears will avail,
Once the river of death has been
crossed;
When you find that your soul is in hell,
Then you are eternally lost.

How dreadful the anguish and woe,
The sorrow, remorse and despair,
Which those who were warned, but are
lost,
Must endure! Oh, sinner, beware!

Jesus offers free pardon to all
Who trust in the soul-cleansing blood;
Come, plunge in the Fountain to-day,
Come, now, make your peace with your
God!

Lizzie Little.

—10:—

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

3. Jesus Christ our Saviour come in
pity tender,
Came to seek the lost ones who in
sin did stray;
Out upon the mountains went He to the
rescue,
Heading not the storms that swept the
narrow way.

Old Chorus.—Jesus fully saves.

Though He saw the sorrows, cruel blows
and railings,
Saw the crown of thorns and Calvary's
rugged tree,
Yet with a heart of pity He longed to save
the wanderer,
Freely gave His life to ransom you and me.

Come, oh come to Jesus, He's waiting to
receive you,
Cast off your sins and seek His face
to-day.
He will love you freely, will pardon your
transgressions,
Plunges into the Fountain, enter with
you may.

L. M. C., Clark's Harbor.

BACKSLIDERS.

Tune.—Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.

4. My Saviour is waiting in Glory,
Just over the bright crystal sea;
My Saviour so sweetly is calling,
Is calling, dear sinner, for Thee.

Chorus.

Come back, come back,
Jesus is calling for thee;
Come back, come back,
Oh, come back, He's calling for thee.

Perhaps thou wert once following Jesus,
Perhaps for this cause you once stood;
But as I daily love you so dearly,
Come, wash in the Sin-Cleansing Blood.

Each day as afar thou hast wandered,
Each day as afar thou hast strayed,
Thy Saviour, in gentle compassion,
Has still thy just sentence delayed.

Oh, why put it off till to-morrow?
You'll surely go deeper in sin;
Oh, why will you falter and grope him?
My Jesus will help you to win.

Oh, fly to Him now while there's mercy,
Oh, fly to Him now while there's room;
The Blood of my Saviour so precious,
That Blood for thy guilt will atone.

—Captain David Smith, Bermuda, and
L. M. C.

HOLINESS.

Oh When?—Just Now.

Tunes.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love,
B. J. 38; Almighty to Save,
B. M. 21; The Cross Now Covers, B.
J. 39; We Shall Win, B. J. 25. 1.

5. Oh, when shall my soul find her
My struggles and wrestlings be
over?

My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
By fearing and sinning no more.

Now search and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give out to my ery;

—Go, let me go to Thy Word,
My soul to thy Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet.

My all I return Thee, Who gave:
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

O Saviour, I dare to believe.

Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, asking in faith, I receive,
Salvation, full, present, and free.

O Lord, I shall now comprehend
The mystery so high and so deep;
And long shall I still praise and sing,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—The Maple Leaf,

6. I'm thinking of the old, sad days
when I followed Satan's ways;

And I carried on for the Saviour Who
for sinners died and died.

The Cross had no attraction, or the Blood
that flowed so freely.

To save my guilty, sin-stained soul and
make me fit for Heaven.

Chorus.

That Blood has never lost its power to
save poor, guilty sinners.

'Tis flowing freely every hour, the precious
Blood of Jesus.

My soul grew weary of its load, and longed
to find that sweet abode.

Where in God's love all who obey, for
ever more shall dwell.

No help seemed near, my voice to cheer,
or lift my soul to Heaven;

Until a Voice said, soft and low, "For
you My life was given."

'Twas Jesus' voice, I felt its power, and
from my soul that very hour.

The darkness fled, with all my sin, and
Jesus gave me light.

And by God's grace I'll live each day

to tell to every sinner
That in a mansion bright and fair we
all may live forever.

Sgt. Katie Allen, Kingston, Ont.

—10:—

WATFORD, N.D.

We find Mackenzie hero three days.
Lantern service Monday night.

The house was packed and we had good
order. We can see the Saviour is getting
bitter, "Glow in my soul!" Praise God,
we are having victory.—K. Grieve.

Not the World, but Jesus.

Tunes.—Just Before the Battle, Mother,
B. J. 167; Always Cheerful, B. J. 43;
I Will Follow Thee, B. J. 2; Kiss Me,
Mother, Kiss Your Darling, or, In
the Glowing.

7. Is it gold—so loved by many,
That my soul can satisfy?

Is it pleasure—so always?

By this world is tried so much?

As of you is my desire?

To do nought but seek my ease;

Which is found soon to cease?

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Saviour,

You art all to me to all;

And I know no other comfort,

But, oh Lord, to follow Thee.

Is it fame—the world's desire,

That I daily seek to gain?

I do not, and I have not, but,

For a moment else, but what is vain?

Ah, this life is but a vision,

Only for a moment seen;

Do I seek to mark on memory,

That a man of fame I've been?

Nay! 'Tis only my desire,

To do the which please God;

For I am, and I am not, but,

Who are washed in Jesus' Blood.

Go, O world, with all thy pleasure,

All thy idle, fading toys;

Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,

Holds my everlasting joys.

Can. Kruger, Edmonton, N. W. T.

—10:—

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We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers
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home. Not been heard of since 1886. His
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Age 44; 5 ft. 6 in.; light blue eyes, dark
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Ivory stables, 22 and 24 Yonge Street,
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quires.

1837. CAMPBELL, FAMILY. Georgina,
Helen, Susan and Mary Campbell. One is
married. They were sent out by Dr. Bar
nard, and are now in the service of the
Baptist Church, in the United States.

1838. SAMUEL THOS. GEO. MORRIS
and Clara Charlotte Morris. Age 13 and
11; both fair. Went to St. Pancras
School, Leavenworth Green. Supposed to
have been sent out to Canada from there.
Mother enquires.

1839. CHARLOTTE SHERRIK, went
out to Montreal 1888. Supposed to have
married a man named Waldon. Last
heard of was in July, 1888. Sister, Alice
Sherrik, enquires.

1840. JAMES HENRY GUEST, Age 13
about seven years ago. Supposed to be
in Montreal. Brother, R. N. Campbell, en
quires.

1841. LOUISE MARY and ELIZABETH JANE
MORGAN. Left England 1882 for
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ft. 8 in. Native of Shropshire. Married.
Last heard of was in some heavy en
gine, Toronto. Mother enquires.

1844. JOHN DOTIE, Roman Catholic.
Last heard of at Port Caldwell, Ontario.
Was then working for the Canadian Pa
rade Railway Co. Brother, Martin Dotie,
enquires.

1845. CHARLES LAMONT, left home
16 years ago. Served 8 years in the Amer
ican Army. Was discharged in 1871 and
stationed at Fort Assinibine, Manitoba.
Employed for some time by Mackay
and Co., in Big Sandy, Montana. Brother
John Lamont, Springhill, Ontario, en
quires.

1846. WILLIAM McCORMACK, 16, Lee
don, England. Was last heard of at Sal
vation Army Lighthouse, 13 Comm
Street, Montreal. Any one knowing his
whereabouts, please write "Enquiry."

1847. GEORGE FREDERICK or FRED
PEARSON. Left Peterboro, Ontario,
about sixteen years ago. Last heard
from was living either no Corning,
California, or near there. September, 1881.
His brother is very anxious to know if
his whereabouts. Address, Alfred E.
Pearson, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.
American and Australian Crys please
copy.

1848. DRYDEN, WALTER, COLLINS,
21 years of age; 5 ft. 10 in. In height,
weight, about 160 lbs.; black hair, dark
brown eyes. Last heard of was in Ed
monton, Alberta, Canada. Now living
in North Easton, Mass. His mother
was then living in Duluth, Minnesota.
His mother is anxious to know of his
whereabouts. Address, Mrs. M. M. Collins,
Chippewa, Ont. American Crys please
copy.

Coming Events.

MRS. MAJOR READ'S

proposed tour in the North-West Pro
vince: Port Arthur, Jan. 6th; Fort Wil
liam, 7th; Travelling, 8th; Wink
field, 9th, 10th, to Jan. 11th; Portage la Prairie,
11th; Grafton, 12th; Grand Falls
13th, 14th; Winnipeg, 15th; Wat
erton, 16th, 17th; Fargo, 18th; Wink
field, 19th, 20th; Valley City, 21st, 22nd;
Mandan, 23rd, 24th; Bismarck, 25th; Mandan, 26th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents'

Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with lantern) will
visit Ottawa, 11th, 12th; Arnprior, 13th,
14th; Pembroke, 16th, 17th; Renfrew,
18th, 19th; Perth, 20th, 21st, 22nd.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY (with lantern) will
visit: Spring Hill, 7th, 8th; Amherst
9th, 10th; Sackville, 12th; Sussex, 13th;
Panobegout, 14th; Carrieville, 15th;
Hillboro, 16th, 17th; Albert, 18th; Moncton,
19th; Chatham, 20th; Campbellton, 21st.

NOTE: A SPECIAL JUNIORS' AND
HAND OF LOVE MEETING IS CON
DUCTED AT 6 p. m. BY EACH P. A.
PREVIOUS TO THE SENIOR LAN
TERN SERVICE. ADMISSION, 2 cents.
BAND OF LOVE MEMBERS FREE.

BOHEMIA, Mont.

Hallelujah to Jesus! We are marching
on to victory. Just got fixed up in our
new hall. No time to say farewells, but
we believe the Lord is leading and
we are so much better. Slimmer, back
slender, "Come Home." Jesus wants you.
Waiting for you.—M. A. W. and C. H.

MILES CITY.

We are thanking God for the ray
of sunshine. He has given us a very
good month. The household returned
from the mountains, proving that the
hunks were too hard to live on. The
way of peace is so much better. Slimmer,
back slimmer, "Come Home." Jesus wants you.
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THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
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VOL. II. NO.

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